

Incident 1/22/2012

We were driving north on Western Ave just 1-1/2 blocks south of Peterson.

Heard a sound like an ambulance or police car – look back and saw a flashing light. Immediately moved over 1 lane to allow emergency vehicle to pass. Looked back and there were lights flashing and a vehicle behind me. It was not a police vehicle or an ambulance. I slowly started moving over towards the curb but there was nowhere to pull in so I kept moving slowly along the parked cars to find a safe spot to stop. The vehicle behind me kept right on my bumper. I kept saying that it was not a police car and I was worried about pulling all the way over since they did not use a loud speaker to identify themselves. I was in the parking lane and a car was close in front of me.

The next moment my daughter was screaming that they “Ma they have guns!”. I glanced on her side of the car and there was a huge hand gun pointed at her head. Glancing to my side I saw a man jumping out of a black car with a huge gun in his hand. In a split second I had to make a decision to save my family so I held onto the wheel, yelled get “W “ down and punched the gas peddle. If figured we were dead anyway so why not try and flee. Knowing that the pick up on my car would hopefully get us to safety I sped up Western Avenue hoping to find a safe place to get help. I was weaving in and out of all of the lanes north and south to get to a gas station I saw ahead. The terror was way to much so I kept screaming keep “W “ down, stay down, we have to get to the lights ahead at the gas station. My daughter kept screaming that that were going to kill us and “W” was terrified. I sped to the right to enter the drive on at the Shell station when the lights changed to red. I slammed on my brakes, skidding towards a black car and somehow was able to stop enough to just hit him lightly. At this point my daughter was still keeping herself and “W” down in the back in case they shot at us, I was screaming at the other cars trying to make it to the drive ahead. We were terrified that they were following us and all screaming and crying.

Stuck in traffic and having hit the person in front of me we were trapped and could not go anywhere. I was frantically looking around to make sure they were gone and suddenly a man was at the window and I started screaming again. The man was flashing his gun around and yelling “lady what is wrong with you”!!!!!!! You are going down! You are going to jail. You alluded the police and are going down!!.

I screamed at him saying “what are you talking about”. He was screaming and yelling that I was going to jail and they would take me down – we were so terrified. He said “We are the Police”. Still terrified I lowered my window screaming why did you not announce yourself – how was I to know you are the police. I screamed and screamed you are in jeans, black jackets and a stocking cap - where is your identification, what am I to think you are. You came at us with guns pointed at our heads what was I to think. I was crying, my daughter was crying “W” was terrified. They kept saying it was my fault and what were they to think about a car that did not stop immediately when it saw a flashing blue light. I screamed you did not identify yourself, you came at us with guns held at our heads and I am to think

you are a police officer – I thought you were going to kill us. The man said “lady, this is Chicago and we need to protect ourselves on the streets. I told him I grew up in Chicago and never had a gun held to my head ever. We were arguing and they screamed that I was going to jail, that I was going down! They demanded my license which I gave them and demanded to see their identification. The heavy set man reached inside his gun proof vest several layers down and whipped out a badge and screamed “here is my badge lady”. I asked why it was not shown when they approached my car. He just yelled – you’re going down for this! Why did they have guns drawn on a 60 year old lady, a handicapped man in the back seat, and my daughter in a old Lincoln? I told him we were bringing [REDACTED] back to Misrecordia. We were just driving home from MO and taking [REDACTED] back. I asked them why they pulled me over in the first place and he said that I had an expired plate tag. I made him show me his ID. It was old and tattered – it could have been a fake. He had holes in the vest he was wearing! Was I to believe this was a police officer?

My daughter asked them to stop screaming into the car, that her uncle was terrified and they had to get away from the car. They wouldn’t stop so she said she was getting out of the car to talk to them. The second man came around to meet her and said that everything was ok and that they were on the lookout for a vehicle like mine in the area and that is was a mistaken identity. She continued to ask the other man to stop yelling and me and stop saying that I was going to jail, the second officer gave him a motion to get away from the car. They started yelling at her saying “what was all the movement going on when we were trying to pull you over?” I said “she was changing “W’s” cd of Green Acres he was listening to. They said they thought she was moving around so that made them suspicious! I said we were singing the Green Acres song and swaying to the beat of it when I heard the siren!

The man I ran in to was somewhere – they talked to him, moved their car up in front of me in the right lane and tried to say that it was just a mistake and we could go. They gave me my license back and I handed my insurance card to the other guy and he said “put it away, we don’t need it”. I demanded that he look at it to see that I had a legal license and an insurance card and that I had a right to drive on the streets. Then I asked him for his name – he went nuts – he said “Lady if you want to go down that path, you are going to jail!” I said – fine, take me.

My daughter was so worried about [REDACTED] being scared and trembling that she asked me to stop arguing with him and that we needed to get [REDACTED] to a safe place at Misrecordia and that we could check into things from there. She said she had their plate number so I shut up and asked about the accident part since I hit the man ahead of me and the officer said “the guy doesn’t want to press charges – its ok” . I said, what do you mean its ok? I hit that man – the officer said go look at your bumper and tell me if it is ok, so I got out and looked at it and his car. There was a dent in his bumper but the officer said “he is ok with it”. My daughter and [REDACTED] were in the back of the car holding each other and rocking back and forth since they were finally safe so I just got back in the car and we left to take [REDACTED] home.

We got [REDACTED] safely back at Misrecordia and went to the McDonald near there. I could not drive, I cried, I was frightened and shaken. My daughter was terrified also. We got coffee and just sat in the car in disbelief that this could happen to someone. I told my daughter that I felt I needed to make a call to the Mayor of Chicago or someone so that this type of thing does not happen to others. We went back and

forth about retaliation from the offices since they went nuts on me when I asked for their names. I told her that I am not the type of person that is just going to pass it off. It was wrong, it was so messed up – what if my other daughter and her husband and my grandson brought [REDACTED] back instead of me? What would have they done, would they have been harmed by the police? What if I had opened up a car door to flee from the men that were going to kill us? What if the police had shot at our fleeing car and they hit me or my daughter or [REDACTED] They could have killed us in a split second and what would our families do? How often does this happen to people?

We thought of several things that needed to be found out right away. Were they really police officers? The man that came to my window screaming at me had holes in his vest – nothing showing that said City of Chicago on it. What would happen to me if the man I hit decided to sue me instead of just letting this go? Was there an incident report filed? Was there an accident report filed?

We called District 20 and got no help from the lady who answered. She said “why didn’t you call 911?” Like we had any time to do that at gunpoint. She hung up on my daughter. We called back and she said there were no supervisors there – they were all on the street. She suggested that we call 911 and ask for help – like I would do that with the remote possibility that the same officers would come to take a report.

We then called District 24 and got a nice officer on the phone that admitted “this type of things happens more that we like to admit to”. He consoled my daughter until she was calm and we asked him our questions and he did answer us. With no way to find out about a accident report or if an incident report was filed we decided to head home. It was 12:00am before we got there.

We checked on line and saw a lot of mention about the north Chicago police being involved in brutality and questionable handling of innocent people. We were one of those people! That awareness made me more determined to file a report against the men that attacked us. We were not pulled over for a outdated plate tag, we were innocent people driving [REDACTED] back to Misrecordia after a wonderful weekend with our family. We were in the wrong place at the wrong time. I do not want another family to live the terror that we lived that night. We are very concerned that [REDACTED] may also have some flashbacks of this event and may be fearful of driving with me again or not feel safe with me or my daughter ever again. We have contacted his counselor and his staff person so they know what to do if he shows signs of fear or has nightmares about this event. They assured us that they will take care of him when we are not there for him.

[REDACTED] is still having problems AS OF 10/2/2012